

A HAPPY NEW YEAR

My Lady's Resolutions



1913 — 1914

Take away the tattered page
Of my erstwhile piety,
Dim and soiled and outraged quite—
Mocked of bland satiety:
Resolutions such as they
May greet the season with aplomb,
But when the year, grown old and gray,
Time's not a crutch to lean upon
Of all that lofty sentiment,
I fain would close the vexing tale
And yet again experiment.

For like a bloom perennial
And rosy tinted wake the dreams
Of all the morrows yet to come,
When life is really what it seems:
When hardness and broken vows,
And duties shirked for pleasure's court,
And Mother Grundy's sad pow-wow,
And fickle Fashion's mad report
Are strangers to my righteous heart—
Tear up the old and frame the new,
For I would make another start.

—Maude DeVosne Newton.

Some New Year Don'ts

Don't sprinkle salt on the tail of temptation.
Don't try to get the better of a man who hasn't any.
Don't snore in church. It's mean to keep others awake.
Don't be satisfied to pay as you go. Save enough to get back.
Don't get married with the sole idea of a money-lones company.
Don't follow the beaten track unless you are satisfied to remain beaten.
Don't accept advice from a man who never offers you anything else.
Don't expect Opportunity to come to you with a letter of introduction.
Don't trust to luck. Nine-tenths of the people in the world guess wrong.
Don't buy your friends. They never last as long as those you make yourself.
Don't envy the rise of others. Many a man who gets to the top is more frothy.
Don't greet Misfortune with a smile unless you are prepared for a one-sided flirtation.
Don't make good resolutions unless you constantly carry a repair kit with you.
Don't place too much confidence in appearances. Many a man with a red nose is white all the way through.
Don't forget in times of peace to prepare for war. That's about the only use some of us seem to have for peace.
Don't fail to have an object in view. Many a man leads such an aimless existence that he could fire at random without hitting it.—Lippincott's.

DIDN'T OBSERVE NEW YEAR'S

Puritans Regarded the Celebration as a Heathenish and Un-Christian Rite.

The sole record of the observance of the New Year by the Pilgrims in the new world, named New England, was most prosaic, most brief: "We went to work betimes." Many of the good Puritan ministers thought the celebration or even notice of the day in any way savored of improper and un-Christian reverence for the heathen god, Janus. Yet these English settlers came from a land where New Year's eve and New Year's day were second in importance and domestic observance only to Christmas. Throughout every English county New Year's eve was always celebrated; in many it was called by the pretty name of Singing Eve, from the custom which obtained of singing the last of the Christmas carols at that time.

This New Day.

Out of the tomb of night a day has risen. Be not anxious; this day is all your own. Do not hurry, for in time it is like all other days; neither delay, for now is passing. Early turn your face to the dawn and let its fresh beams bathe away all stains of night; then, should the noon be dark with storms, your smile will still wear the rose tinge of the morning. Step softly among human hearts, and leave so much of kindness along life's pathway that gladness shall spring up, bearing tribute to the cool outside of the world's glad New Day.—Critt.

THE DAYS' NEW YEAR PARTY

His Coming of Age Marked by a Dinner to Which All of the Festivals Are Invited.

The Old Year being dead, and the New Year coming of age, which he does by calendar law as soon as the breath is out of the old gentleman's body, nothing would serve the young spark, but he must give a dinner upon the occasion, to which all the Days in the year were invited. The Festivals, whom he deputed as his stewards, were mightily taken with the notion. They had been engaged time out of mind, they said, in providing good cheer for mortals below, and it was time they should have a taste of their own bounty.

It was stiffly debated among them whether the Fasts should be admitted. Some said the appearance of such lean, starved guests, with their mortified faces, would pervert the ends of the meeting. But the objection was overruled by Christmas Day, who had a design upon Ash Wednesday (as you shall hear), and a mighty desire to see how the old Dominie would behave himself in his cups. Only the Vigils were requested to come with their lanterns to light the gentlefolk home at night.

All the days came. Covers were provided for 365 guests at the principal table, with an occasional knife and fork at the sideboard for the Twenty-ninth of February.

Cards of invitation had been issued. The carriers were the Hours, twelve little merry, whirling footpads that went all round and found out the persons invited, with the exception of Easter Day, Shrove Tuesday, and a few other movables, who had lately shifted their quarters.

"Well, they all met at last, foul Days, fine Days, all sorts of Days, and a rare din they made of it. There was nothing but 'Hail, fellow Day! well met!' only Lady Day seemed a bit scornful. Yet some said Twelfth Day cut her out, for she came all royal and glittering and Epipheneous. The rest came in green, some in white, but old Lent and his family were not yet out of mourning. Rainy Days came in dripping, and the Sunshiny Days laughing. Wedding Day was there in marriage finery. Pay Day came late, and Doomsday sent word he might be expected.

April Fool took upon himself to marshal the guests, and May Day, with that sweetness peculiar to her, proposed the health of the host. This being done, the lordly New Year from the upper end of the table returned thanks. Ash Wednesday, being now called upon for a song, struck up a carol which Christmas Day had taught him. Shrove Tuesday, Lord Mayor's Day and April Fool next joined in a glee, in which all the Days, chiming in, made a merry burden.

All this while Valentine's Day kept courting pretty May, who sat next him, slipping amorous billet-doux under the table till the Dog Days began to be jealous and to bark and rage exceedingly.

At last the Days called for their cloaks and greatcoats and took their leaves. Short Day went off in a deep black fog that wrapped the little gentleman all round. The Vigils—so watchmen are called in Heaven—saw Christmas Day safe home; they had been used to the business before. Another Vigil—a stout, sturdy patrol, called the Eve of St. Christopher—seeing Ash Wednesday in condition little better than he should be, even whipped him over his shoulders pick-a-back fashion, and he went floating home singing:

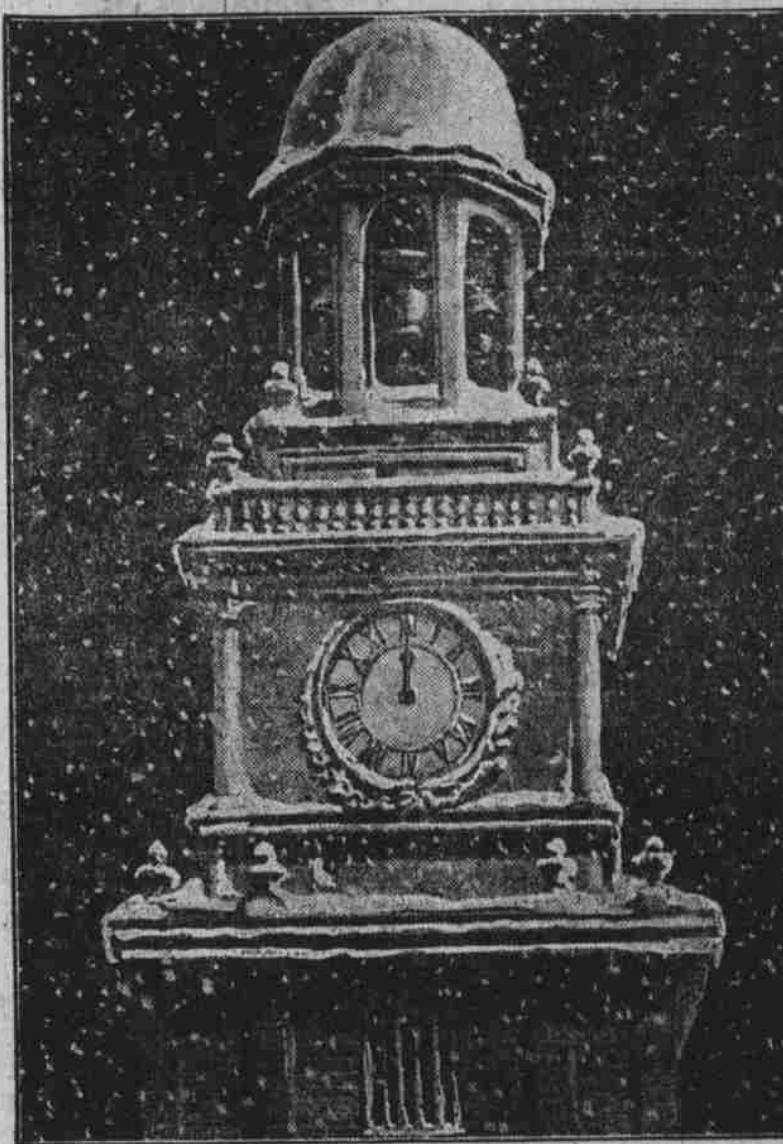
"On the Bat's Back Do I Fly," and a number of old snatches besides. Longest Day set off westward in beautiful crimson and gold; the rest, some in one fashion, some in another; but Valentine and pretty May took their departure together in one of the prettiest silvery twilights a Lover's Day could wish to set in.

GOOD AS NEW.



"My good man, I hope you've made some good resolutions."
"No, ma'am, not this year. You see I've got a bunch of 'em I made last year an' never used."

RING OUT, WILD BELLS!



Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light,
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow;
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out the false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand,
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

—Tennyson

NEW YEAR'S DAY IN ENGLAND.

New Year's day is kept very curiously in some of the old countries. In England the ringing of bells is about the only formal demonstration they show for the anniversary at the present time, though years ago it was as much of a gala day as Christmas. They used to give presents and have great feasts, and there was a good deal of revelry and drunkenness, more than there ought to have been in a civilized community. On the whole the new is quite as good as the old way, to my thinking. In Denmark the cannon booms, as a sound of joy to welcome in the new year. Every morning of the first of January, Copenhagen is shaken by this peaceful cannonading. The people in the rural districts go to the farmhouses and fire their muskets under the windows of the sleeping inmates, to inform them that a new year is at hand. The custom is not a very nice one; it smacks too much of old time roughness and rudeness.

New Year Resolutions.

I will try to be kind.
I will try to find the good in others.
I will carry sunshine with me, especially into the dark places.
I will try to make someone happy each day.—Woman's Home Companion.

A NEW YEAR RESOLUTION

By Mary E. Wilkins

My brother Lemuel married Mehitable Pierce when he was quite along in years. Nobody thought he'd ever get married at all, any more'n my brother Reuben an' Silas. The three had lived together and kept bachelors' hall ever since our mother died. I was married and away from home long before she died. I didn't know how they would get along at

first but all of the boys had been used to helpin' ma a good deal, and they were real handy, and when I asked if they wasn't goin' to have a house-keeper, they wouldn't hear to it. They said they wasn't goin' to have no strange woman round in ma's place, nohow. So Silas he took hold and did the washin' and ironin', and Reuben did the sweepin', and Lemuel, he was the youngest, next to me, did the cookin'. He could cook a dinner equal to any woman, and his pies beat mine. My husband said so, and I had to give in they did.

Well, they seemed to get along so nice, and none of 'em had ever seemed to think much about the girls, not even when they was boys, that I must say I was astonished when Lemuel he up and got married to Mehitable Pierce. She was a little along in years, too, rather more so than Lemuel, and a dreadful smart piece. She was good lookin' and she had property, but she was dreadful smart and up an' comin'. I could never see how Lemuel ever got the courage to ask her to have him, he was always a kind of mild spoken little fellow. Reuben he declared he didn't. He vowed that Mehitable asked him herself. He said he knew it for a fact, and he said it with the tears rollin' down his cheeks. Reuben was the oldest and he'd always been terrible fond of Lemuel. "That poor boy would never have got in such a fix if that woman hadn't up an' asked him, an' he didn't have spunk enough to say no," said Reuben, and he swallowed hard.

Mehitable had a nice house of her own that her father left her, all furnished and everything, so of course Lemuel he went to live with her, and Mehitables house was pretty near where I lived, so I could see everything that was goin' on. It wasn't very long before I said to Hannah Morse, my husband's old maid sister that lives with us and teaches school, that I believed Lemuel was heskecked, though I hadn't anythin' against Mehitable.

"I don't see what else anybody that married Mehitable Pierce would expect," said Hannah. She spoke real sharp for her. I've always kind of wondered if Hannah would have had Lemuel if he'd asked her. "Well," said I, "I hope poor Lemuel will be happy. He's always been such a good, mild, willin' boy that it does seem a pity for him to be rode over rough-shod, and have all the will he ever did have trodden into the dust."

"Well, that is what will happen, or I'll miss my guess," said Hannah Morse. For a long while I thought she was right. It was really pitiful to see Lemuel. He didn't have no more liberty nor will of his own than a five-year-old boy, and not so much. Mehitable wouldn't let him do this and that, and if there was anythin' he wanted to do, she was set against it, and he'd always give right in. Many's the time Lemuel has run over to my house, and his wife come racin' to the fence and screamed after him to come home, and he'd start up as scared as he could be. And many's the time I've been in there, and he started to go out, and she'd tell him to set down, and he's set without a murmur.

Mehitable she bought all his clothes, an' she favored long-tailed coats, and he bein' such a short man never looked well in 'em, and she wouldn't let him have store-shirts and collars, but made them herself, and she didn't have very good patterns, she used her father's old ones, and he wasn't no such built man as Lemuel, and I know he suffered everything, both in his pride an' his feelin's. Lemuel began to look real downtrod. He didn't seem like half such a man as he did, and the queerest thing about it was: Mehitable didn't 'pear to like the work of her own hands, so to speak.

One day she talked to me about it. "I dunno what 'tis," said she, "but Lemuel he don't seem to have no go ahead and no ambition and no will of his own. He tries to please me, but it don't seem as if he had grit enough even for that. Sometimes I think he ain't well, but I dunno what ails him. I've been real careful of him. He's worn thick flannels, and he's had wholesome victuals; I ain't never let him have pie."

"Lemuel was always dreadful fond of pie," said I. I felt kind of sorry, for I remembered how fond poor Lemuel had always been of mother's pies, and

what good ones he used to make himself.

"I know it," said Mehitable. "He wanted to make some himself, when we were first married, but I vetoed that. I wasn't goin' to have a man messin' round makin' pies, and I wasn't goin' to have him eatin' of 'em after they were made. Pies ain't good for him. But I declare I dunno what does make him act so kind of spiritless. I told him today I thought he'd better make a resolution for the New Year and stick to it, and see if it wouldn't put some spunk into him."

Pretty soon she went home. I could see she was real kind of troubled. She always did think a good deal of Lemuel in spite of everything.

The next day was New Year's, and in the afternoon Mehitable came in again. She didn't have her sewin' as she generally did, she was a very industrious woman. She jest sat down and begun twistin' the fringe of her shawl as if she was real nervous. Her face was puckered up, too. "I dunno what to make of Lemuel," said she, finally.

"Why, what's the matter?" said I, kind of scared.

"He says he's made a resolution for the New Year," said she, "and that he's goin' to keep it."

"Well, what is it?" said I.

"I dunno," said she.

"Well, if it's a good one, you don't care, do you?" said I, "and it couldn't be anythin' but a good one if my brother made it."

"I dunno what it is," said she.

"Won't he tell?"

"No, he won't. I can't get a word out of him about it. He don't act like himself."

Well, I must say I never saw such a change as come over Mehitable and Lemuel after that. He wouldn't tell what his resolution was, and she couldn't make him, though she almost went down on her knees. It began to seem as if she was fairly changin' characters with Lemuel, though she had a spell of bein' herself more's ever at first, tryin' to force him to tell what that resolution was. Then she give that up, and she never asked him where he was goin', an' he could come in my house an' sit jest as long as he wanted to, and she bought him a short-tailed coat and some store collars and shirts, and he looked like another man. He got to stayin' down to the store nights, an' talkin' politics



Mehitable she bought all his clothes, with the other men real loud. I heard him myself one night, and I couldn't believe it was Lemuel.

Well, Lemuel he never gave in, and he never told till the next New Year's day, when he'd said he would. He'd said all along that he'd tell her then. I'd got most as curious as Mehitable myself by that time, and New Year's mornin' I run over real early—they wasn't through breakfast. I knew the minute I saw them that he hadn't told. He said he wouldn't till he was through his breakfast. He was most through—was finishing up with a big piece of mince pie, and he'd made it himself, too. When he'd swallowed the last mouthful, he looked up and he laughed, real pleasant and sweet, and yet with more manliness than I'd ever seen in him.

"Suppose you want to know what that New Year's resolution was?" said Lemuel.

"I guess I can stand it a while longer," said Mehitable. Now the time had come she didn't want to act too eager, but I showed out jest what I felt.

"For the land sake, Lemuel, babble, what was it?" said I.

Lemuel he laughed again. "Well, it wasn't much of anythin'," he said, in his gentle drawlin' way. "I didn't make no resolution, really."

"What, Lemuel, babble!" cried Mehitable.

"No," said he; "I couldn't think of none to make, so I made a resolution not to tell that I hadn't made any."

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